

Out/In

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Out/In

by [Hambone](#)

Summary

Predaking is surprised by the lack of common sense someone as intelligent as Shockwave has.

Notes

Commission for siadea on my tumblr! This was a lot of fun to write. Enjoy!

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

At first he had barely seen them. Though Shockwave could not deny him entrance to his humble abode, Predaking had himself felt some sort of need to back off after their first and second nights, when Shockwave had lain silent and still beside the clutch for the entirety of his stay, recalibrating the position of his internal components and healing. It was not an unwelcome feeling, either, simply a respect for privacy, as it was. Shockwave had neither expressed interest in him leaving or staying, but he expressed little and Predaking moved on instinct alone this time.

It was interesting to imagine how he had cared for the clutch in the early cycles. His frame was not at all like a Predacon's, unable to curl around their small nest or perch atop it, keeping them warm and safe with his body. The image itself was somewhat humorous, but while he smiled it did lead him to worry. Shockwave was smart, but he was not a natural parent. After a few days of solitude Predaking did venture back, nervous, though not for his own sake, stooping low to enter the workshop and appraise the conditions of what he was slowly beginning to appropriate as his small

family.

Shockwave had crafted a small sling from the left over materials of the nest. Predaking had to admit he was surprised to see how quickly the scientist had recovered, given his faded spark, but when he entered the lab there he was, standing beside his desk tapping at keys on one of his terminals while his gun arm absently cradled the cloth hanging over his left shoulder. He could just make out the silvery tips of the eggs in the low light, peeking carefully from under Shockwave's gently rising bosom.

"You're doing well, I see."

Shockwave did not look up for a moment, finishing whatever he was doing before finally turning, slow but stable.

"My frame is solid, and I was prepared. I was not injured in the emergence."

Predaking strode over to him, testing his field, but Shockwave did not react. As close as he was he could smell the eggs now, that soft, visceral smell that made his plating lift and spread with open ease. Though he had never lived with young before, the primal coding inside himself opened volumes of data packets about proper protocol in a snap, keeping his steps light. He wondered if Shockwave even had such protocol.

"And our offspring?"

If he was surprised by the possessive term, Shockwave did not show it.

"Very good health, actually. As I suspected, your CNA lent them much strength."

He shifted the bundle closer, finally allowing Predaking to look. The eggs were faintly blueish in the dull light, or perhaps tinted with purple. He could not quite tell.

"As you can see, they have already developed their third outer coating. In modern Cybertronian standards, that is an accelerated growth normally only experienced by smaller racing models."

"Mm."

Predaking did not understand or particularly care beyond the general knowledge that they were well. He watched Shockwave's hand, almost delicate for a frame of his size, trace the tops of their brood gently.

"I estimate they will be prepared to hatch within the lunar cycle."

That made him perk.

"How soon?"

"I cannot give exact dates. I have never performed an experiment of this nature and therefore am still gathering data."

There was a small hitch in Shockwave's tone, as if he was repeating himself and annoyed by it. Predaking smiled, baring his crooked teeth.

"Forgive my excitement."

He reached out, almost unthinkingly, and wrapped an arm around Shockwave's shoulder. It was an awkward position, standing by his side and maneuvering around the faux wings on Shockwave's

back, but Shockwave, either through acceptance or apathy, let him figure it out.

Within a week he was back, this time at Shockwave's summons. It was not particularly unusual for him to call, and he did not sound at all urgent, but Predaking came quickly nonetheless.

"What is it that you need?"

This time his attention was immediately given. Shockwave stood, the sling no longer around his shoulder but instead tucked neatly into a smaller bundle on the desk by where he had been working (on what? Predaking had given him no further orders. Yet all the same Shockwave seemed to be in a constant state of work, whether it was on personal projects or things no one could remember asking for but indeed appreciated. It was his natural state to work) and he turned to Predaking, slow and intense. Already Predaking could sense a difference in the air around him, though his field remained tight, a kind of warmth. He liked it.

"I thought we should discuss the future of our brood."

"How so?"

Even though he had not been offered a chair Predaking took one, moving forward to sit across from Shockwave, who himself returned to his seat. The awkwardness of their recent meeting remained but now Predaking was less inclined to bow to it, instead leaning in to scan Shockwave discreetly but with the knowledge that his freshly dubbed mate was aware. His vitals were low but adequate, spark still turning slow and deep in his chest.

"When they hatch they will need a parental system of support that I cannot give them alone."

"Of course."

"Therefore we will need to set up a custody system defining when they will stay with me and when they will be with you and yours."

Predaking was taken aback.

"I had assumed we would raise them together."

He felt it then, a tiny flare from Shockwave. It was over so fast he could not get a grip on it or what it meant, only that it had been, but it was enough to draw him closer.

"Do you take issue with that?"

Shockwave seemed to tremble with physical indecision before pushing back just a fraction.

"Not at all, but I cannot work with them in my lab."

"That may be true as things are now, but, if we were to enter into this whole-sparked, we could easily arrange for your living space to be renovated to suit a more pack oriented lifestyle."

He could see, even without a face, the trepidation in Shockwave's posture. Something about that did not rest easy with him. Predaking could hardly imagine what – a life with a growing brood and a large pack was generally considered the best to be had, and he was the king of it. Shockwave would be more protected and cared for than he likely ever had been. Though Predaking did not remember much about the days before he began to learn how to take his second form, he did

remember the coldness of Shockwave's previous laboratory, and the emptiness.

"If... that is what you want, then I have no right to question it."

"Now," said Predaking, frowning, "speak your mind, scientist. I grow impatient with these riddles."

Shockwave shifted in his seat, straightening himself.

"I do not speak in riddles, my liege, but I once again feel the need to express the fact that my work requires some amount of sanctuary."

"Of course I understand that," Predaking began to grow annoyed, "but you cannot seriously mean to tell me you'd rather continue to live in total solitude?"

Shockwave did not respond for a moment, optic flickering as he recalibrated.

"This is not a matter of wanting," he said carefully, and Predaking noticed his legs twitch together. Inside him a switch was flipped.

"Is it not?"

He leaned off his chair and onto Shockwave's, framing him with his grp. Shockwave looked up into his face, alarmed. His antennae twitched towards the desk where the eggs lay.

"No," he said, voice calm and deep as ever, "it is about need."

Predaking growled and leaned in, pressing his face to the shielding around Shockwave's throat. He remembered, not so long ago, the taste of the cable between his teeth.

"It is about being able to continue," Shockwave faltered, "continue my work to its inevitable end. I must finish what I have begun. I cannot perform my duties if I am-"

"If you are what?"

Predaking breathed heat along his audio receptor.

"If you are mated? If you are caring properly for the pups you willfully brought into this world?"

Turning his head, Shockwave dimmed his optic.

"If I am distracted."

Remaining still a moment, Predaking waited for more explanation but was given none. He let another hot lick of plasmatic heat slip between his vents before pulling away.

"I see."

Shockwave met his gaze again, waiting for a response, but Predaking felt almost spiteful enough to return the blank silence. Instead he said, "You are a loyal subject and you know my intentions. I will allow you this, if you truly desire it. But I would give yourself time before you remove yourself entirely from the equation."

"I do not need-"

"I will give you time," Predaking repeated, and then he left, pretending not to notice the way

Shockwave reached up to touch his neck as he departed.

“What! I oughta pound that lump!”

Darksteel made a fist at his imaginary foe and shook it fiercely. Skylynx, for once in tune with his partner, nodded quickly.

“He’s a fool for denying you, King.”

“Not a fool,” said Predaking, stretching out his wings lazily as he reclined on the pile of scrap metal he named his throne, “just a Decepticon. They cut themselves off from their true natures, and not for the better. He will come around.”

“An’ if he doesn’t?”

Predaking lifted his head slightly, a snorting the air through his vents in light annoyance.

“He will. Do you question my ability to woo my mate?”

They recoiled.

“No, not at all,” Skylynx simpered, “but like you said, he’s a Decepticon.”

“I don’t wanna raise pups! I am a pup!”

“We just think his stubbornness might outweigh his loyalty.”

“Quiet!”

They both flinched back, flattening their postures. Predaking did not rise from his relaxed pose but he did flare his plating, the low hum of his engine picking up a notch.

“Shockwave is an autonomous being. He may be under my rule but he is not one of us. If he chooses to remain in his dingy hole then so be it.”

They looked at him, mesmerized by their own disappointment.

“But-!”

“*That being said,*” Predaking cut Skylynx off, flicking his tail, “I have complete confidence in my ability to procure his trust and affections quickly enough to secure his place in our pack. *As you should too.*”

His glare made them wither.

“O-of course.”

“Of course.”

Satisfied, Predaking laid his helm back down on the pile. They were fools, but their words did strike against a small portion of his brain that rang with hollow warning: this would not be easy.

Because Predaking was not close enough to the fathering of the eggs to have actually sparked them, despite their genetic material taking after his own, he did not exactly feel when they were ready to hatch. It was more the intuition he had grown in dealing with Shockwave that let him know when his offspring were coming, the slight tremor in Shockwave's finger as he signed off their usual update communication film that gave him away.

Predaking did not tell him he was coming, but Shockwave, as per the norm, did not show any surprise at his arrival. He was instead focused on the clutch, still nestled in their sling on the berth. His gun arm was tucked against his stomach as he leaned forward to cup the nest, keeping it out the way. Predaking raised an eyebrow, curious.

"They are coming soon," said Shockwave, not needing any cue to understand the unspoken question.

"Today?"

"Most definitely."

It was the first time Predaking had been this close to Shockwave's berth since he had laid the eggs weeks ago, and the memory of seeing the scientist on his back dripping from his swollen valve with the fresh clutch between them sprung to mind unbidden. It was perhaps an inappropriate time to think of it but Predaking felt no shame, fully aware that his fans had flickered on. He leaned in close, over Shockwave's back, optics on the eggs but EM field on his mate.

"How can you tell? Spark contractions?"

Shockwave tensed at his touch momentarily, antennae twitching.

"I am not very closely tied to them, unfortunately, so the answer is no. I have, however, noticed some movement inside myself recently as well as – ah, there."

He brought his hand down to curve gently around one of the clutch. Predaking watched, fascinated, as the egg lay still a klik and then, just barely, nudged against Shockwave's palm.

"Movement!"

"Yes."

Entranced by the eggs, Shockwave relaxed enough that Predaking allowed himself to make another move, resting his hand against Shockwave's lower back. The thick treading of his spinal ridge fit well in his hand, and he smoothed his claws into the ridge until the plating spread wide.

Shockwave grunted slightly, pulling away. Predaking laughed.

"I was not aware you were ticklish."

"Neither was I."

Shockwave did not sound pleased at the discovery. Predaking was about to say something more but Shockwave's helm snapped back to the nest suddenly, intent on another one of the eggs that had begun to rock slightly. He did not remove his hand.

Carefully, Shockwave singled the rocking egg out from its peers, gently pushing them away so that it would not knock into any of them as its movements increased in repetition and vigor. Shockwave was tense again, watching. A faint clicking could be heard from inside the shell, very faint, but

growing louder. All thoughts of seduction put on momentary hiatus, Predaking found that even he himself was frozen with interest, the realization that he was about to witness the first new face of his pride setting in.

It took longer than he had expected, and despite himself he was flustered by it. Shockwave, somehow, remained as if carved in stone, unwavering, unmoving. He appeared to have almost stopped living, but for the soft and shallow ventilations that passed through his system every few klicks. His entire world was within that nest. Predaking found himself realizing how incredible attractive a quality it was. Shockwave was, despite his own words, totally devoted to his brood.

Then, with a small anticlimactic pop, a tiny chip of the egg's surface pushed outwards, the crack blooming up as a mountain from the tectonic plate. Shockwave shifted from side to side, readjusting his canon's place in his lap, fingers dancing along the table towards the egg.

"Give it time," Predaking whispered, stilling his hand. Shockwave started at his touch. His EM field was prickly and tight against his body, anxiety making it almost tingle to touch a Predaking folded over him carefully lacing his claws with Shockwave's. In a drop of uncharacteristic expression Shockwave's vocalizer clicked and buzzed, as though he were trying to speak without having thought of anything to say. Predaking growled a low, possessive note, pushing in tight against Shockwave's back, his helm tilting low to push against the geometric angles of what served as Shockwave's cheek.

"When you created me it took time and patience. You can allow the natural process the same graces, can you not?"

"Of course," Shockwave was saying, clearly unsure, but his cold hide against Predaking's chest was beginning to remind him again of his vision, of Shockwave's frame bent beneath him over the desk like an easy bitch, of his valve spread wide by eggs or spike, the soft smell that had clung to him long after their coupling.

He growled again and let Shockwave feel it, chest warming to a deep sunset orange behind him. Shockwave made as if to move and Predaking splayed his fingers, holding his hand to the berth as he pushed and pushed and Shockwave was jolted forward until his hips knocked the berth side.

"Th-is is not an appropriate time."

Predaking hummed beside him, nuzzling into one of his antennae.

"So there is an appropriate time, yes?"

"Well," Shockwave paused as Predaking slowly ground his hips into his aft, perhaps trying to stifle some less logical sound, "there is a time and place for all actions."

"You act as though you believe in some kind of modesty."

He was teasing, now, but he was also growing hot with want.

"Please," Shockwave stumbled over his words, "desist."

Predaking bit one of his antennae, hard enough to leave a mark, and he could feel Shockwave's wings tilt and separate to accommodate him, his plating shift and flex to release the heat that had been hiding beneath layers and layers of armor.

"D-desis-" he was cut off by a small, almost imperceptible chirp. Almost imperceptible, but it rocked his entire frame, helm snapping back to the brood so quickly Predaking felt his vision

recalibrate. From the inside of the chipped egg came another beep, this one louder, stronger at the hole widened and amplified it, and then, with a soft crunch of tin metal chitin, a head appeared.

There were six pups and they were beautiful. He knew that was not the word Shockwave had used to describe them, holding too much emotional and aesthetic value to it for a scientist's taste, as it were, but it was still true. Winged and beaked, they were clearly mostly Predacon, as Shockwave had done his best to make them as pure as possible, but there was still a small hint of his own Decepticon origins in each build. Their optics flickered on and off periodically, still calibrating and therefore for all intent and purposes blind, but they seemed to instantly know Shockwave's location and crawled to him, one by one, as they emerged.

Leaning over the berth, Shockwave did not know what to do.

"They want to be with you."

Shockwave twitched. It was unexpectedly sweet to see the way he struggled with something that, to Predaking, was second nature.

"Hold them."

He put his arm around Shockwave again, this time with no ulterior motive than to guide him. Seeming almost nervous, Shockwave gathered the small mass of chirping sparklings to his bosom.

"This is," he paused, rearranging one of the pups to fit better in the crook of his elbow, "this is a manifestation of their desire to be close to the spark that spawned them?"

Here was the greatest scientist in the history of the Decepticon movement, asking him why his offspring wanted to be close to him. Predaking snorted.

"Here, get up there with them, there."

He used his hold on Shockwave's waist to lift him slightly and Shockwave froze solid.

"Do not do that."

"You need to get closer to them. They will grow stronger with you nurturing them up close."

"Alright," said Shockwave, haltingly, "but do not lift me again. I do not like it."

He laughed.

"As you wish."

Despite his size, Shockwave managed to slide onto the berth with practiced ease, and again the sparklings flocked to him, stumbling and loud. Their soft screeches died down as he again gathered them up, leaning back on the cushioning of the nest he had built and placing them on his breastplate.

"How often must I do this?"

"Whenever they desire it."

Predaking did not want to disrupt the scene so he only leaned over the berth, not on it, to observe.

Shockwave was looking down into his arm, carefully corralling the tiny frames as they tried to find comfort in one another, settling down flat upon him as though they could feel his spark beat. Perhaps they could. He certainly detected theirs, pittering fast and frantic behind their thin plating. They were so small.

Shockwave touched them, one by one, stroking a line across their backs and wings, just a hair too delicate to really convince anyone it was scientific. His optic dimmed. Predaking rumbled pleasantly, glad to see that whatever was left of the natural coding in Shockwave's wiring was finally making an appearance.

"Are you pleased?"

He spoke softly, and without looking away, so that Predaking took a klik to realize he was the one being spoken to.

"Pleased? Of course I am."

Leaning in so close they were practically nuzzling, he looked down upon their brood and chuffed.

"What a foolish question."

Shockwave did not respond, still enraptured by their progeny. Predaking could see, with senses so ancient they could not be named, as his mate slowly, still so unsure, accepted his new affection.

"Look at them!"

Darksteel reared back in excitement, beak clacking.

"They're so tiny!"

"Yes," Shockwave pulled the bundle the sparklings were napping in closer to himself, "please do not wake them."

Hopping from foot to foot, Darksteel transformed and held his fingers together.

"But I wanna see 'em move!"

"No you don't." Skylynx slunk up behind him, considerably less excitable, "pups are loud."

"How do you know!"

"Well, have you listened to yourself lately?"

Darksteel rounded on him.

"Ey! I oughta-!"

"Calm yourselves."

Predaking entered last, nodding to Shockwave in greeting as he appraised the bickering youth.

"The pups need their sleep. I brought you here on the good faith that you would behave yourselves. Am I to be made a liar?"

Regretful but not exactly sorry, they bowed their helms.

“No, of course not, King.”

“I thought as much.”

Shockwave had been typing up a manifest of all observed behavior in the brood, apparently crosschecking it with old records of normal Cybertronian clutches. The sparklings did not enjoy the sling he had created for their eggs when worn, but he had recycled its place on the desk so they could remain near him without hampering his progress.

“This isn’t entirely necessary,” Predaking set a hand on Shockwave’s shoulder. This time he did not flinch. “They are entirely healthy. You did well in creating them.”

Looking up from what he had written, Shockwave said, “even so, it would be a mistake for me to not keep ahead of all possible aberrations in their rearing if we want the best possible outcome.”

Predaking nudged him again, urging him to leave his seat, but he was reluctant to comply.

“They are not an experiment, they are your children.”

Shockwave glanced at the nest uneasily as he stood, not liking the way that Darksteel was eyeing it.

“All things merit good observation.”

Seeing where his anxiety lay, Predaking laughed.

“That may be true, but you will exhaust yourself this way. Come away for a while, rest yourself.”

The twin Predacons came closer, clearly subdued somewhat as they watched the rise and fall of the tiny bundles in the cloth. Shockwave bristled.

“Now, now,” Predaking continued to pull him away, “they may be young, but they have the same programming I do. They will not harm our offspring.”

The back of the lab was crisp and clean as usual, but the berth was mussed, the only thing in the area that really looked lived in. Shockwave was still uncomfortable with leaving the other room and it showed, his shoulders hunched and tense.

“If you want to be able to continue your work, as you claimed, then you have to get used to leaving out young ones in the servos of others.” Predaking cocked his head, smiling, “you are not changing your mind, now, are you?”

“My work is important,” said Shockwave. He did not sound as sure as he had before.

“We can care for them, you know.”

Predaking pushed him back to sit on the berth side.

“We can all work together here. Open the cave up more, make room for the brood as they grow. You do not need to have things only one way or the other.”

There was only silence in the other room. Everything was calm, quiet. Shockwave stared at the empty corner around which they had come.

“I am aware that your previous offer still stands, but that does not necessarily change my mind.”

Predaking lifted a knee up onto the berth, moving over him.

“Perhaps you can be persuaded, then.”

Shockwave was pushed back onto his haunches, gun arm jerking a bit as he tried to remain upright.

“I do not see how-”

“Then allow me to show you.”

Easily enveloping him beneath his frame, Predaking leaned in, mouthing at his antennae, his throat. Shockwave twitched, optic dimming. His hand came to rest on Predaking’s chest, not quite pushing him away.

“I-I do not think this is...”

“An appropriate time?”

Predaking smiled into his neck.

“It never is.”

He bit him. Shockwave arched back, silent but crackling with energy. Even though they had just begun, Predaking could smell ozone, knew he was already excited. Shockwave had been this way the last time they interfaced too, needy and awkward, easily brought to arousal. Growling with pleasure, Predaking pushed a knee up between his mate’s thick thighs, grinding the blunt part against his panels. Shockwave was fully capable of expressing his distaste, had he really wished for them to stop, but his gun remained inert, laying limp on the sheet beside them.

Pulling away from the now dented tubing on Shockwave’s throat, Predaking nibbled around his armor collar, pleased at how the metal gave in small ringlets of teeth marks. Shockwave’s fans ratcheted on unsteadily, his fingers curling slightly together against the intricate patterns on his chest for support. He was still beneath him but Predaking could feel the heat rising between his legs.

“Darksteel and Skylynx are still here,” he said, almost hopelessly. Predaking hummed, uncaring, sliding a hand under Shockwave’s back to above his aft, making him arch again, digging in the tips of his claws.

“They are watching the pups. They will not bother us.”

“They will hear.”

Predaking smiled.

“I am aware.”

He pushed his knee in harder and Shockwave’s vocalizer clicked, holding back sound, as his helm rolled back, optic flickering. Chewing gently on one of his antenna, Predaking pushed his knee in harder, pulling Shockwave’s hips up to rut against him.

“The sparklings...”

“We will make this quick, then.”

His panels split and he extended his spike, already fully pressurized. After all, a king must have full mastery of himself and his facilities. Shockwave had not really seen it before, having been on his stomach over the table, and he looked now, whirring as his optic focused. Predaking preened a bit in the unintentional flattery, bringing his unoccupied hand down to circle the base and hold himself to Shockwave's thigh. He could feel the slip of Shockwave's claws on his chest, clutching tighter.

"Would you like to touch me?"

Saying nothing, Shockwave complied, lowering his arm to encircle his plug curiously. Predaking knew he had not taken Shockwave's seals but it was likely he had not been given the pleasure of another mech's intimate presence in several thousand stellar cycles, and he appreciated the careful attention he received for it now.

Shockwave's hand could not quite circle the entire girth, and he ran his palm down the shaft slowly, feeling the small ridges of the spines he had been pleased by last time they'd intertwined, stroking just under the head. Predaking rumbled again, plating flaring.

"I thought you were in a hurry."

Though he would have been happy to continue their slow foreplay as long as possible, he was unable to keep himself from taunting. Besides, he knew that Shockwave would not hesitate to stop if the others did indeed get bored with watching the sleeping hatchlings and come to bother them. Nodding slowly, as if in a trance, Shockwave leaned back again, reluctantly removing his hand. Predaking flicked his wings, sighing.

"Come now."

Without any more prompting, Shockwave's own paneling snicked back, revealing himself. Predaking pulled back to look, even though Shockwave's tapping claws implied embarrassment. His valve was plump and rich looking, glistening with the beginnings of real wetness, and Predaking lamented quietly the fact that they were in a hurry, that he did not have time currently to bury his face between Shockwave's legs and show him the real benefits of a face.

Instead he guided his spike down, rubbing the head between Shockwave's thick folds a few times to let him feel it, pulling him up with the grip he still retained on Shockwave's back.

"I," Shockwave mumbled, "I am ready."

Not pausing but indeed surprised, Predaking looked away from the press of his plug between them.

"Is that a request?"

Shockwave did not look at him.

"I would not stoop as to, a-ah."

He stopped, shivering slightly. Predaking thrust his hips up, running the entire length of his spike between Shockwave's valve lips, ridges catching on his nub.

"Do you want me to spike you, Decepticon?"

Still looking away, Shockwave dug his claws into the berth pad.

"I would have thought I had made my desires clear."

“Do you?”

Predaking narrowed his optics. Shockwave’s antennae flattened on his helm.

“I do.”

Barely pressing the head of his plug at Shockwave’s valve entrance, Predaking flared with heat.

“Tell me, clearly.”

“I would like for you to spike me now,” said Shockwave, flatly, “my lord.”

“Ha!”

Predaking tugged his hips up and drove inside with one clean movement, hiking Shockwave’s thigh around his waist. Shockwave’s helm pushed down against his chest and he groaned, quietly, but enough, the slick noise of his valve louder than anything.

“Good,” Predaking breathed, grinding his hips with no need to patience, “very good.”

Shockwave said nothing, but his valve pulsed around him, a beat of slow, long throbs as he trembled. It was clear he had been more needy than he had let on, and he clutched almost vindictively at Predaking’s chest as he began to push in and out, painfully prolonged in his movements and he watched his mate adjust. Shockwave twitched his hips up into the movements, imploring him to move faster without words.

And he did. Keeping his grip strong but gentle, he leaned in to continue nipping at Shockwave’s shoulders, thrusting hard. Shockwave’s valve was so soft inside, unused to much contact, not textured but clinging to him with tight need. He was looser than he had been last time but it was a good thing, enabling them to move with less pain, more speed. His spark beat strong and heady inside himself, electricity rushing through him in fast arcs. He was in his element, natural beat of the call driving him forward again and again, enraptured by the growling volume of Shockwave’s panting. Though the pace was fast the act felt leisurely, relaxing, pleasure calming his mind and focusing his nerves while Shockwave clutched at him and trembled.

However, he had promised a quick release. Tugging Shockwave’s thighs wider apart, he propped one of his knees up higher, trying to get a better angle. Shockwave moaned, loudly, and seemed to surprise himself with it. He was not overly active in his participation, barely bucking his hips, barely moving at all, but he was clenching in a way that felt amazing with each pass. The sharp tickle of electric discharge against his stomach was as good an indicator as any to his closeness, and Predaking latched his fangs into Shockwave’s throat once more and rammed him.

Shockwave was silent when he came, overload rocking him stiff as his valve spasmed. Predaking kept his pace up, pounding against his anterior node until Shockwave’s stiffness turned to shakes and the cling of his inlet turned raw. He triggered his own overload with one last snap of his hips and pulled out just in time, spines flaring. He pressed himself along Shockwave’s belly and rutted there as he spilled himself, transfluid spurting silver strings across his breast. Shockwave groaned, watching, and another small stream of lubricant pushed from his now lax valve.

Still zinging with energy, Predaking pushed off him, hands on his hips as he sighed, pleased. Shockwave was considerably slower to recover, rising up on his elbows carefully as he tried to retain control over his legs.

“I trust you are satisfied?”

He could not keep himself from smirking as Shockwave sat up, chest heaving.

“Yes,” his voice was lower than usual, static framing the edges, “yes, that will do.”

“Will do indeed.”

Predaking snuffed, wiping his hands on the sheets as his spike began to retract slowly. From around the corner he could hear snickering, but Shockwave, whose receptors were still ringing, thankfully did not. Decepticons were so shy.

“Did I manage to persuade you?”

Shockwave swayed where he sat.

“I... apologize, I do not know to what you are referring.”

Predaking leaned easily against the berth.

“Persuade you of the benefits of living together. In close quarters.”

Darksteel guffawed at that, which Shockwave did hear, antennae perking.

“...I would like to see the brood.”

“That does not answer my question.”

Wiping at himself with one of the sheets, Shockwave made a small ticking sound.

“Perhaps, Predaking.”

That was enough, for now. Sitting back down, Predaking called into the next room, which earned more snickers, and Skylynx came around the corner with the bundle in his arms, rolling his optics. Inside the nest the hatchlings had not stirred, and when Shockwave took them into his hold again he did not hesitate. He would come around. Predaking flicked a wing around him, tall amongst his pride, and was sure of it.

End Notes

Note: the sparklings are called pups here because that's how Predacons refer to them.

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